

HARLEM FRIENDSHIP HOUSE NEWS



Without Interracial Justice

Social Justice Will Fail

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PRESCRIPTION

By Vincent C. Donovan, O.P.
Reprinted from "The Epistle"

TRANSITIONAL periods are always more or less chaotic. They are periods of readjustment, the adolescent phases of social as of individual life. In this passing from one mode of life to another, old habits hamper new outlooks. Just as the knitting period of a broken bone reset will be slow and painful, so will the readjustment period to a new attitude towards life and to human relationships require patience and unremitting sacrifice. Otherwise there will be not only continued discomfort but fatal disease may develop. Such crises demand the "psychological surgery" demanded by Christ—"If your eye scandalize you, pluck it out."

Precisely because the people of this age have lost a sense of the whole, do we see the repeated attempts to appease evil. We poultice an infected tooth instead of yanking it out; we seek beauty through cosmetics rather than through physical and moral health. Refusing to face reality, turning our minds from the contemplation of the real issue in both personal and social problems, we attempt to meet each situation as it comes up with no reference to its bearing on the fundamental problem and the ultimate goal. It is a perversion of the Lord's reminder that "sufficient for the day is the evil thereof." The Lord meant that if you meet each crisis as it comes, with the fullness of courage

which comes from faith, and the patient security that results from doing everything in the light of the ultimate end, you will have no cause to worry about the final outcome. For your consistency in applying right principle achieves the end like a true conclusion following from true premises and right reasoning. But the modern, living only in, for, and by the momentary comfort or pleasure, applies the pragmatic principle that as long as he gets out of the immediate, present difficulty, he need not concern himself about the future. The abortionist, the birth-controller, the divorcee, the liar, the thief, and all other seekers of mere pleasure suffer in this way from a pathetic fallacy. The fallacy lies in sentimentality being mistaken for reason; the pathos is in the tragedy that we lose our life in attempting to hold on to it.

It is difficult to persuade a pragmatic age to realize the profound wisdom in the Christian principle that the only way to gain or to hold life is to get rid of selfishness. What today hides under the mask of humanitarianism is in fact sheer selfishness, mere sensitive comfort or pleasure with no thought of human nature and its real destiny. That destiny is obviously not in man nor in material prosperity nor in power nor in fame nor in any other of the things which only *have* being. The human soul seeks Him Who is Being. This is why the brotherhood of men without the Fatherhood of God is a tragic illusion. For rational problems cannot be solved irrationally.

HUMAN ACTS that are irrational are inhuman because immoral. For human acts are moral because they are rational or in conformity with the Eternal Law manifested in us through reason. This is to say that irrational acts are disordered deeds.

They are the result of choices or decisions made in the light of expediency rather than of principle, in consideration of the advantage of the moment rather than of the fullness of the ultimate. If we do not keep our eye on the target, we are not likely to hit it, even by accident. A constructor who fails to build according to the architect's blueprint is certainly going to be buried in the ruins of his collapsed structure. The light of the ultimate end must illumine every step of the way

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CIVILIZED HORSES

On an Anti-Slavery tour through the West, in company with two friends, we stopped at a hotel in Janesville and were seated by ourselves to take our meals where all the bar-room loafers of the town could stare at us. Thus seated, I took occasion to say loud enough for the crowd to hear me, that I had just been out to the stable and had made a great discovery. Asked by my friend what my discovery was, I said that I saw there black horses and white horses eating together in peace from the same trough, from which I inferred that the horses of Janesville were more civilized than its people. The crowd saw the hit, and broke out into a good-natured laugh. We were afterward entertained at the same table with the other guests.

—Life and Times of Frederick Douglass, Pathway Press, New York.

Desperately Needed

THEOLOGY AND SANITY by Frank Sheed. Published by Sheed and Ward.

By Walter Farrell, O.P., S.T.M.

Mr. Sheed's strikingly original book will necessarily suffer from reviewers', even enthusiastic reviewers', attempts to describe it. In fact, the reviewers' enthusiasm may well be one of the major hazards the book must overcome to reach the multitude of readers who so desperately need it and which it so richly deserves. For, of course, its originality cannot be stated, and its subject matter will immediately call up the solid prejudices built effectively by both heavy and empty books.

The general scheme of the book is original, certainly. Yet, the full flavor of the originality is rather in each small patient stroke by which that original conception is realized. Mr. Sheed has approached his subject from a fresh point of view; every angle of it is seen from that advantageous position. Under the circumstances, *cliches* seem almost an impossibility. The tone of the book, too, is something to be thankful for. Roughly, Mr. Sheed is writing to make men fully conscious citizens of the *real* world as a whole and to enable them to live wholly in it. His procedure is to peel off the spurious conceptions that have hidden the masterpiece of truth; the minute, careful revelation is of such increasing beauty that there is hardly time or energy to waste on the absurdities which are being

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What Price Racism?

By KENNETH B. LAWES

RACIAL PREJUDICE has been aptly compared to a two-edged sword, for it inflicts injury on its victims as well as on those who wield it. It does not pay because it is irrational and is much too costly.

The very etymology of the word prejudice proves it to be something irrational, for it is derived from the Latin words *prae* and *iudicium*, meaning a fore judgment, one made without considering the facts of the case.

Persons who are prejudiced about a thing simply refuse to face reality in regard to that thing. St. Thomas Aquinas tells us that it is the business of the human intellect to perceive truth and this it does by conforming itself to things as they are, not as we might imagine them. Therefore, when people refuse to face reality, they fly in the teeth of reason.

If a man were to refuse to associate with lepers, he would not be acting in a prejudiced manner because leprosy is a contagious disease which he is

naturally anxious to avoid. On the other hand, if this same man refused to assist at holy Mass beside a Negro whose only offense was a dark skin—a not uncommon practice in some parts of our fair land—he would be acting in a most prejudiced manner. This is true because the things that point out a Negro, such as greater pigmentation of the skin, far from harming anyone, have been proven by science to be physical perfections while the things which identify a leper are obviously harmful.

Prejudice of any sort is a great evil; when it is based on race, nationality or creed it becomes a great social tragedy. And the reason for this is plain. It sets whole groups apart from the rest of mankind, often depriving them, depending on the extent to which it holds forth, of fundamental rights belonging to them by virtue of the Fatherhood of God and its consequent, the brotherhood of man, the redeeming blood of the God-man, the essential

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The Epiphany

The City of David:
Startled its people
Though time now is,
The time long foretold;
The longed for time,
The ardently expected time.
But Faith has failed.
Bethlehem doubts
As Moses doubted,
Bethlehem doubts
As Zachary doubted,
Because God's love
Is far too great
For our feeble intellect.
In the meantime
God kept His word;
God sent His Word
His Word made Flesh
His word our Light
To light our way
Into our inheritance.
Yet Bethlehem starts
At the sight of the Wise
Who ride in in Kingly mien
The color is no question;
That is not strange,
But that they should
The long journey make
In obedience to a Light
Taken on Faith.

Sister Mary Norbert, R.S.M.

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A Letter to the Holy Ghost

Lord Giver of Light;

This is more a prayer, a cry from the very depths of my soul, than a letter; but whatever it is, I turn to You, my mind tormented by the fierce winds of doubt, and my soul lashed with a storm of pain. I see and hear. Yet I cannot understand. For indeed it is a bewildering sight, and a strange situation, that greets my senses.

From childhood I have been taught that You are the giver of vocations—that it is You, Who, shedding the sparks of Your fire of love into the souls of men, call them to arise and follow the dictates of that love. Your special call, leading as it does to religious and priestly lives, is the greatest gift, the greatest privilege, conferred on men and women.

If this be so, then how about America? Here thirteen million Americans are Negroes, differing from other Americans only in the pigmentation of their skin. Of these, only about a quarter million are Catholic. Again and again I have come across those called by You to these special vocations, some to be nuns, others to be monks or priests—or both—and others again to be diocesan priests. Their vocations are checked and re-checked by those You appointed in Your infinite wisdom for just such a task. Yet...

Filled with the joy of your calling, these Negro men and women rose and went in search of orders, and of dioceses, where they could obey Your divine call. But, incredible as this may seem, most of the doors they expected to open, remained closed to them—though perhaps the doors that closed were fewer in the diocesan seminaries than they were in the doors of religious orders.

It became apparent that only a few male orders were ready even to consider Negro applicants for their ranks. At that, they were far more numerous than the female orders in this matter. And this at a time when most religious houses in America beseech You daily for more vocations!

A girl with Your call ringing in her heart discovered she had to go to a convent for colored women if she wanted to become Your spouse, no matter how certain she and her spiritual director were that she had no calling to this convent, but did have a vocation to one of the long-established orders of nuns!

The same, I learned, was true in the cases of many Negro boys who felt impelled to join one of the many religious orders that bless our land!

Lord, Giver of wisdom and fortitude, help me to understand; and, understanding, to bear without losing my directions on the sea of life.

How has this come about, that there is jim-crowism in the Mystical Body of Christ in America—where men strive to be other Christs, and women endeavor to make themselves true spouses of Him who died to make all men His brothers, children of His Father?

Holy Ghost, Beloved of my soul, give me—give us—an answer. Have pity on us. Hear my cry.

Letter From St. John

MOST DEARLY BELOVED, whoever is not just, is not of God, nor he that loveth not his brother. For this is the declaration, which you have heard from the beginning, that you should love one another. Not as Cain, who was of the wicked one, and killed his brother. And wherefore did he kill him? Because his own works were wicked, and his brother's just. Wonder not, brethren, if the world hate you. We know that we have

passed from death to life, because we love the brethren. He that loveth not, abideth in death. Whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer. And you know that no murderer hath eternal life abiding in himself. In this we have known the charity of God, because He hath laid down His life for us; and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren.

—From the Mass of the Feast of St. Polycarp, Jan. 26

BOOK REVIEW

Racial Myths

Mary Ellen O'Hanlon, O.P.

It is sadly but undeniably in evidence today that much of American thinking and sentiment on the question of race is based not on honest objective data but on pure myth, superstition and prejudice. The author tersely and truly summarizes the entire situation in the words of Josh Billings: "It is not so much the ignorance of the American people which makes them so ridiculous but rather the fact that they know so many things that ain't so."

Racial prejudice is curable. The prejudiced man is an ignorant one. But racial prejudice will only be cured by facing the facts and accepting them. Truth is compelling. It claims the whole man. Once known, it leaves no choice to the thinking person, especially to the thinking Catholic (for indulged-in-prejudice can be a sin.) Truth must be accepted, even if it means a radical change in thought and feeling, unless man wishes to blind and seduce the guiding logic of his God-given intellect and lead it enslaved to the myths and lies of the unthinking multitude. If in Germany the Nazis made the careful distinction between Aryan and non-Aryan do we do less in the United States when we distinguish white from colored? They relegated the Jew to the Ghetto, we relegate the Negro to segregation of Jim Crow cars. In some States, we deny him, in practice, the right to vote; push him, insult him, degrade him to an inferior place in every phase of our lives: economic, social and religious. Beautiful dark brother of Christ. Is it because "his look is, as it were, hidden and despised, that we esteem him not?" If the Negro Saint, Benedict the Moor, had such an intense struggle to successfully restrain his just anger at the filth and opprobrium hurled upon him by whites, that blood burst forth from his nose and he began to tremble then how can we wonder if some of the down-trodden, less saintly and unenlightened among the Negroes turn to Communism as to relief? In reality, racial myths as brought into practice today in the United States by so-called democratic whites is more sinister and dangerous racism than that practiced by the Nazis simply because it is not branded as such! It is not only the Negro who suffers from racial myths in the United States today. One is amazed to discover the extent of anti-Semitism among the American people. Do you know that the American Jewish Committee in a recent survey found that one-fourth of the American people expressed definite anti-Semitic feelings; one-fourth were definitely pro-Semitic and the other half could easily be moved one way or the other. It is almost impossible to believe!

In light of the above, any effort to elevate thinking to a scientific level concerning the Negro is highly to be recommended. This excellent little

Pigmentation!

(Reprinted from The Catholic Worker)

A scientist once told the writer that on purely scientific grounds he was of the opinion that Adam was a Negro. He had noted that other animals, notably the bear, were originally of a very dark color, but that, as they spread to colder regions than the place of their origin, they assumed lighter colors, extending even to the pure white of the polar regions. This scientist's opinion, as that of a distinguished American anthropologist deserves consideration.

COMPLEXION OF CHRIST

It is a commonplace in Theology to speak of Christ as the Second Adam. Let us see what evidence exists throwing light on the complexion of Christ and the Holy Family during their sojourn on earth. In art Christ is probably most often represented as a babe in the arms of His Most Holy Mother, Mary ever Virgin. It is well known to art students that some of the oldest and most venerated madonnas in the world belong to a group commonly referred to as "black madonnas." Czernstochowa, Monserrat, and Einsiedeln offer examples. The Polish people retain a tradition that the icon of Our Lady of Czernstochowa was actually painted by St. Luke the Evangelist. Certainly no one could argue that the medium brown complexion, so beautifully portrayed by the artist who produced that masterpiece, is the result of racial prejudice on the part of the Polish people, who themselves are of a very light complexion.

So far as scriptural texts offer any evidence, it seems to be all in the same direction: "Nigra sum sed formoso, filiae Jerusalem . . ." occurs as the antiphon of the third Psalm at Vespers in the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin Mary; as a matter of fact, in the original Hebrew, the particle *w* might as well have been translated by *and* as by *but*, thus giving: "I am black and beautiful, O ye daughters of Jerusalem." Father Thomay of Chicago, a Roman Catholic priest of the Chaldaean Rite, informed the writer that of his own people many are so dark that they would be considered Negroes, if judged by appearance alone. This is of interest, because the Chaldaean liturgy uses the Christian Aramaic

language which the Holy Family used while in Nazareth and among their own people in the Holy Land, and, in fact, even the Jews were never a pure race but were biologically indistinguishable from their neighbors, and, moreover, their patriarch (and ours) Abraham came from the Chaldaean land of lower Mesopotamia.

ONLY ONE RACE

It is far from the writer's intention to try to prove that Negroes are superior to other races. On the contrary, we must recognize that there is only one race: the human race, and that heredity is shown, according to Mendel's laws, by the operation of very many genes in the chromosomal string in each cell somewhat as if each gene were a key in some vast instrument. In each individual certain keys are depressed, and others are untouched; there are four keys regulating the pigmentation of the skin, and others regulate stature, shape of the head, shape of the thigh bone, and many other hereditary characteristics of man. As a piano is a piano, no matter which keys are depressed, so a man is a man, no matter which hereditary characteristics are found in him. The symbols of the Eucharist remind us that as bread is made of many grains of wheat, and as wine is made from many grapes, so all men are called to belong to the Mystical Body of Jesus Christ, Our Lord and Saviour. The following couplet may serve to remind us that even if men are grouped according to various colors, yet they are called to true union in Christ: The grapes are black; the wine is red: Yellow the grain, and white the bread.



pamphlet is extremely important to those who seek and defend the Negro against the damaging effects of racial prejudices. In the space of about thirty pages, Sister Mary Ellen O'Hanlon takes one by one, the myths and prejudices that control American thought and sentiment in regard to the Negro and proves that they have no scientific, political or religious foundation.

All men are brothers. Science has proven today what the Bible has always said: all men come from the same parents and belong to the same family. God made all races: Negro, Caucasian, Mongolian. If He made them different in superficial surface characteristics, in color, for example, it must have been for a reason. As the author so beautifully states it: Pigmentation is a

perfection. The dark skin and eyes of the Negro help him to withstand the terrific sun exposure of the tropics. How good God is to have given him this perfection! How shallow are minds that would turn this very perfection into a thing of prejudice and abuse! The author shows that even in this matter of dark skin, the Negro is not the only bearer. "Certain dark-skinned Caucasians, some of the Arabs, for example, are darker than the lightest African Negro." Even within a race, there are more differences than between the races themselves. Does one object to the Negro on the score of his kinky hair? Who has not seen this same kinky hair in the blondes and red-heads of the so-called white race?

The myth of characteristic (Continued on page 7)

NEGRO SANCTITY

(Continued from December Issue)

In dealing with his enemies Elesbaan displayed none of the Christian virtues that were to characterize his later life. Instead, we are told, he conducted himself with that cruelty and rapacity which are only to be looked for in the barbarous prince of a semi-pagan nation. He treated his vanquished enemies very harshly and showed no mercy at all to the people whom he thought responsible for instigating the uprising.

As years went by King Elesbaan found little joy in his crown, for he had come to see the emptiness of merely temporal glory. He wished to give up the world and serve God completely, without being troubled by the cares and distractions of his royal office. He resolved to lead the austere life of a hermit and thereby do penance for his own sins and the sins of others.

He carried out his resolve and renounced his throne in favor of his son, Prince Gabra Maskal. He made a gift of his crown to the Church of the Holy Sepulcher in Jerusalem. Having divested himself of the last symbol of an earthly monarch, Elesbaan retired to a cave in the wilderness. There the hermit king spent the rest of his days striving for the imperishable crown of eternal glory. He died in the year 555.

About St. Elesbaan's life as

a hermit we know little indeed, save that he became a monk worthy of imitation. The Roman Martyrology, the book of saints, martyrs and exemplary Christians, for his feast, October 27th, gives this brief commemoration: "In Ethiopia, the death of St. Elesbaan the king, who, after overcoming Christ's enemies, sent his royal diadem to Jerusalem in the time of the Emperor Justin, and after pursuing a monastic life, as he had vowed, found rest in the Lord."

LESS THAN A GENERATION ago the late Pope Pius XI. raised a saintly African martyr to the honor of beatification. In 1926 the Blessed Abba Ghebre-Michael, a colored man of Abyssinia, became a beatified servant of God. For many years he had searched in the darkness of religious error and unbelief to find the light of truth. He finally succeeded in his quest and brought truth to many besides himself.

The Christian faith had come to Ethiopia in the early part of the fourth century. It was brought there by St. Frumentius who made many converts and established the Catholic Church in the land. Then some of the false religious notions, which at the time threatened the faith in Europe, began to spread to Africa. In Ethiopia these heretical doctrines really took root and for many centuries all but supplanted the true faith. The Church in Ethiopia fell into the heresy of Monophysitism which taught that Christ had only one nature. This is a direct contradiction of the Catholic doctrine of the union in Christ of two natures, the divine and the human. Heresy and schism went together. The Ethiopians broke away from the union and discipline of the Holy Father. The rulers of the country and the ministers of the new religion cruelly put down every effort to re-establish the Catholic Church.

Blessed Ghebre-Michael was born in Ethiopia in 1791. He received the usual educational training enjoyed by all boys of his day who showed more than a little promise. While still a youngster he expressed the desire to follow the religious life as a monk. At the age of sixteen he entered a monastery of one of the many flourishing religious sects. For six years he prayed and studied. His labors bore fruit in a deep understanding of the Bible and of the writings of the ancient Church Fathers. As he progressed in learning and holiness he felt more and more keenly the laxity that existed among the heretical monks. He was greatly troubled by his own and their uncertainty in matters of doctrine.

In 1815, about two years after his profession as a monk, Ghebre-Michael left his monastery. He undertook a pilgrimage to all the monastic libraries of his country. For ten years he journeyed from place to place. At each monastery he visited, he searched the books and manu-

Requiescat in Pace

Our Father, who art in Heaven, has taken home one of his children from her work at Friendship House. Miss Elizabeth Hite, who worked many years as a volunteer in our Cur's d'Ars Clothing Center, died on November 25, 1946. We sorely miss Miss Hite but we feel sure that she is now reaping the reward of her unflinching service.

Miss Hite did not have so much of this world's goods herself, but she gave something that money couldn't buy. That was her service. For three days a week without fail for more than four years she came to our clothing room to unpack the boxes of clothes which are sent in from all over the country and helped to distribute the clothing to the people.

While we mourn her passing, we rejoice that one more Friendship House worker can intercede for our work before the throne of God. We are sure Miss Hite continues to help us from Heaven. Please join us in praying "May her soul rest in peace!"

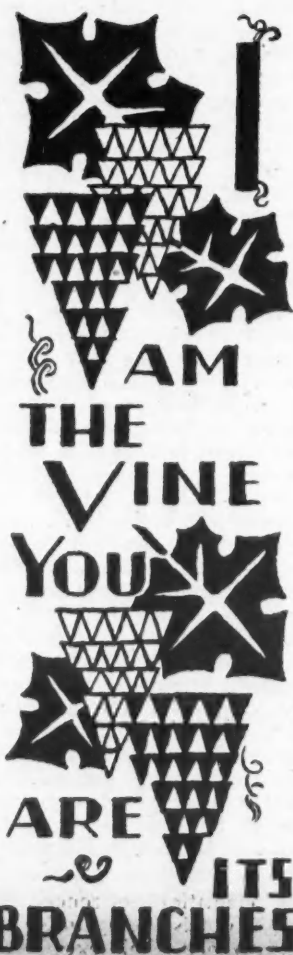
Holy Family

O Lord Jesus Christ, Who, in the days of Thy subjection to Mary and Joseph, didst consecrate home life by ineffable acts of virtue; by the intercession of Thy holy Mother and of Thy foster-father, make us so to profit by the example they with Thee have set us, that we may be counted members of Thy household forever more.

—Prayer from the Mass of the Feast

scripts in a vain effort to find the truth that would once and for all put an end to his seeking, and bring rest and security to his soul. But none of the false schismatical teachings could satisfy either his mind or his heart.

He brought his wanderings



STAFF REPORTER

By M. C. K.

BETTY HAD A GOOD IDEA for the children's Christmas presents this year. She thought we should give many of them to the parents so they could have the joy of giving them to the children themselves on Christmas morning, thus bolstering up family life and making it more like the Christmases we had. By the happy looks on the faces of the mothers it was a wonderful idea. The little woman who took the red tricycle with one wheel broken said she had an old baby carriage whose wheel would just fit. Her husband could fix it up just as good as new. Her face is something pleasant to think about. The roller skates went to large families where they'll give the children continuous fun, whether one child wears both or where two children each have one. What the latter method of locomotion must do to the shoe on the pushing foot is a sobering thought. But it makes for an exciting race in the open air. Jim and Betty played Santa, distributing many gifts to the homes.

A toy stove and sink and many dishes and doll furni-

to an end at Gonda, the capital of Ethiopia, where he remained until his fiftieth year. In this city the zealous seeker after truth met a Catholic priest. Father Justin de Jacobis was a Vincentian missionary sent from Rome to rekindle the spark of faith that was now almost extinguished. The priest had obtained from the local government permission to erect a Catholic Church in Ethiopia.

A short time after their meeting, Ghebre-Michael and a group of his monks accompanied Father de Jacobis to Rome where they were granted an audience with the Pope, Gregory XVI. The antiquity of the Roman Church impressed the Ethiopians, and the visit with the Holy Father did much to lessen their prejudices. After they had returned to their native land, Ghebre-Michael said of their guide: "I recognize in this European a man who teaches

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ture were saved for the club-room and the little ones will have a lot of fun playing house with them. Several large games which arrived after Christmas will also be used in the club-room. I wish we could express our gratitude to all the people who went to so much trouble to get these toys to us. If television comes within our range maybe we could take you to see the distribution of these and the joy they bring. But God will have to do the real thanking and He will.

Enough gifts were saved for wonderful parties, including a Santa Claus. Betty couldn't get red material for his suit so she had to dye it. This caused many outrageous puns such as telling one of our more earnest friends who is not yet a Catholic, "I'm going to dye for Friendship House tonight." After dyeing twice she got it red enough. Then Miss Ritterman made the suit, leggings, and cap. Poor Santa's whiskers were stuck on with airplane cement so we were really worried that Joe would become famous as the seminarian without a face. We used to rent a Santa suit but the price was outrageous so now we have our own. We really should get more painless whiskers, though. The Cub Scouts had their parties at the homes of the Den Mothers and a grand time was had by all. Friendship House furnished the ice cream as it did for the 200 children at the various parties.

The seventh and eighth grades of Corpus Christi School gave a grand play and party for thirty-five Tiny Tots. The play emphasized the brotherhood of man. Children of many races and nationalities took part in their different costumes. Other grades had a part in the gifts and refreshments that were given the children. Then they were sent back in taxis. What a wonderful twittering was heard outside the library when they disembarked! Little high-pitched voices were saying, "Look what I got, Miss Betty! We had a good time, didn't we?" At times like this we realize how the coming of Christ has changed the world and brought it joy.

Holy Communion: The City

"What light will, in your eyes, like an archangel,
Soon stand armed,
O you who come with looks more lowly than the dewy valleys,
And kneel like lepers on the step of Bethlehem?"

"Although we know no hills, no country rivers,
Here in the jungles of our waterpipes and iron ladders,
Our thoughts are quieter than rivers,
Our loves are simpler than the trees,
Our prayers deeper than the sea.

"What wounds had furrowed up our dry and fearful spirit
Until the massbells came like rain to make them vineyards?
Now, brighter on our minds' bright mountains
Than the towns of Israel,
Shall shine desire!"

"O Glory, be not swift to vanish like the wine's slight savor,
And still lie lightly, Truth, upon our tongues,
For Grace moves, like the wind,
The armies of the wheat our secret hero!
And Faith sits in our hearts like fire,
And makes them smile like suns.

"While we come back from lovely Bethlehem
To burn down Harlem with the glad Word of Our Saviour."

By THOMAS MERTON from "Thirty Poems"

Reprinted by the Kindness of the Abbot of Gethsemane, Ky.

Harlem F. H. Volunteers Corner

Jo Dinger told of the work of Friendship House at a meeting of the Columbia U. Newman group on December 10th, and they were so taken with F. H. that they purchased copies of "Friendship House" and a lot of literature. Good work Jo!

The F. H. Combines — basketball team—played their first game recently and lost, but Jim Mullin is arranging for more games for them to win, we hope.

Our deepest sympathy and condolences to Helen Coolen on the death of her father.

Joe McGowan and Betty have been attempting to make Manhattan more aware of F. H. by distributing the "News" on Sunday mornings at various churches up and down this famous island.

Audrey Perry and Gloria Wimpy aided and abetted Kathleen Noel in a tremendous Christmas card skit for our Monday night program. It was great, gals, keep it up!

Muriel Zimmerman is now spending her working hours at Blessed Martin Guild, and you know how that pleases us at F. H. The closer we get to Blessed Martin the better.

Charley Slezak not only is working on a quartet at F. H., but also plays his accordion for Leonard Austin's Folk and Regional Dances every other Sunday evening.

DEAR WHITE GIRL

Dear White Girl:

Won't you come with me in imagination for a whole twenty-four hours, living as a person who is like you in every way, except that her skin is colored?

You wake up in the morning, and look around...hoping against hope...no, you're still you, colored skin and cursed...you were just dreaming of a nice five-room flat, where there was ROOM enough for all the family—mother, father, brothers and sisters...but your half-opened eyes sees all too realistically in a short glance that it's the same old place—a kitchenette, one room that is a living room, dining room, bedroom, kitchen, study and recreation room. You ought to get up...but...

Your mind wanders back to the old days your mother sometimes tells you about, when she was a maid in this same neighborhood when it was all white. Then this very house you now live in...where nine families are crowded on one floor, eighteen families on two floors...was a two family house, one on each floor. Then each family had a bathroom. Now nine families share ONE bathroom! Then each family had privacy, a whole floor between. Now the walls are paper thin, and you can hear anybody's business you want! This house was lived in for generations by white people, before colored moved in. It had seen its best days when its capacity was then overtaxed to the breaking point because an enterprising landlord saw quick profits from the slim supply of houses (Not just since the war, either, but always where we Negroes live!)...and put in nine families where one lived before...you can see how it accelerated the process of deterioration. And it has been true that...up until the housing projects begun a few years back for Negroes...we never had a chance to move into new apartments or buildings.

But...you have to get up, and fast...Mom and dad are up and almost out...and that is your signal...You're the oldest girl, and...since they both have to work, so little does your father make, you have to make the breakfast, get the kids up and dressed, and leave everything in order for the day.

IF YOUR MOM was here all day it would be different...You think for the 1,000th time, as you put the key around Junior's neck and give each of them a dime apiece for lunch (you hope they eat something nourishing like milk and soup and a sandwich and fruit, but you're afraid it's going to be a coke and a hot dog)...If mom was here all day the kids wouldn't have to wear the house key around their necks, she could make the meals, make the kids lunches, she could get the kids fixed up real nice for school, and fix the house too, so's you could bring home friends...All you can do is give the dishes a lick and a promise, grab your books, dab some lipstick on, see that everybody's ready and out...and close the door.

As you go downstairs you realize with a sinking feeling you didn't do your history. Last night mom worked late. You had to make supper, and round up all the kids. You breathed a prayer again today that Billy and Johnny would go to Friendship House after school...and not with

that tough gang down the street.

This walk to school is about the worst part of the day. For you pass the local Catholic High School...It rankles...You can't seem to get it out of your mind that they have refused to take you...so you have to go to the public high school. And it rankles too that you just found out that IF mom can spare you and you can go on with your desire to be a nurse, there is no Catholic Hospital here that will accept you for training, no matter what your grades. Yes, and your grades haven't been so good lately...Yes, Negroes lack ambition, you've heard it said. But tell me, where is the incentive to get ahead with all the cards stacked against you before you start? Freshman year you went through everything like a whiz, 17th out of a class of 150. But this year, you're the worst you've ever been...There just doesn't seem to be any reason for studying, for keeping yourself up...it doesn't make sense. Tears well up in your eyes. What good is all that talk you hear in history and civics class about freedom, and equality?

SO, WHITE GIRL...this brings us up to 8 A.M....It seems to me I'm old, tho I'm only 18. And it seems to me a whole lifetime of misery has gone by since I opened my eyes this morning...and its only 8 A.M....What will the rest of the day be like?...For now I must move around in a partly white world, the hostile world that is so cold and cruel, that snobbishly assumes they know the Negro when they don't, they couldn't...as long as we live so separated.

I have constantly marveled at two things about white people—One is that they always pretend they know Negroes when they literally don't know any to know! Why are they so sure about what we're like? They never work-

Every American Should See It

TRIAL BY FIRE is the new documentary play by Rev. George H. Dunne, S.J., of Loyola University, Los Angeles—"which could be better than preaching sermons for 30 years on social justice for Negroes," according to the author, "because its appeal is emotional, and it digs down beyond reason and logic, and moves the heart."

The common reaction of all types of people—nuns, lay people, priests, Catholic and Protestant—is that "every American should see it."

Write to French's for the play script.

We Stay Temporarily

THE MIRACLE has happened!

Our prayers were truly answered by nothing short of a miracle when we received a temporary lease to our two stores at 305 and 309 E. 43rd Street.

We are not going to be evicted—yet.

This location is VERY important to us, because its convenience to white and colored people makes it easier to break down the barrier of segregation that separates us.

This notice is by way of thanking all who tried to help us get two stores to replace the above premises. But we beg you not to cease your vigilance. For we are fine-combing the south side to find two stores near to transportation in a business area—and we are sending out this call for help to find suitable places. Telephone us at Atlantic 6518 if you know of one or two stores close to the "L" or trolley on the south side.

ed with us, went to school with us, or to church with us...they keep as far away as possible from us...yet they claim to know us! It's not even scientific!

The other is, that they think we are happy! How could ANY HUMAN BEING be happy living as we have to? Or is there still anybody naive enough to believe that we live in these places of our own choice? Is there still one person in this city who doesn't know that an iron ring surrounds us, closes us off from the white world...that iron ring being best expressed by the covenants people sign to keep us out—RESTRICTIVE COVENANTS they call them.

Mind you...I and most Negroes don't have any particular desire to live among white people. We have no yen to crash the white world. And it shouldn't take a Philadelphia lawyer to figure out why. Would you want to live among people who hated you? Who tried to cut you off from everything human, decent, American, Christian, Catholic? But the NEED FOR HOUSING IS SO TREMENDOUS, SO ABSOLUTELY CRITICAL that we are even willing to risk our very lives—NOT I REPEAT TO LIVE NEAR WHITES—but to get a decent clean roof over our heads, to keep the family together, to have a place to call home, to bring your friends...

And for the one Negro who is threatened with all kinds of torture and death if he dares to move out of the ghetto, there are a 1,000 who do not, though they need space just as badly...who don't move, who stay cooped up in kitchenettes, the whole family living in one room, as we do, rather than face the burning crosses, the jeers and spits of the mobs who gather outside our doors, the broken windows, the torn-out plumbing, the terrible aloneness in a world where even the police side with lawlessness...the night after night vigils that must be kept by those few hardy Negroes who move a block or two outside the ghetto, protected only by their own resourcefulness...

(To be continued next month)

THE CASITA

"DO YOU KNOW WHAT?"

We live in the best neighborhood in Chicago! That was Arthur Brewer's announcement to his fellow Cubs as they settled themselves (momentarily) in the El car. They were off to witness the CYO Champion boxing matches, and Arthur was filling to the fullest his capacity as monitor of the excursion. Arthur elaborated: "We can always go to the movies. We've got no place to play and nothing to do but go to the movies. Yup. I used to live near an empty lot, and it was different. But here we can always go to the movies."

Some of Arthur's cohorts responded to his enthusiasm and regarded their fortunate domain of shambles, glass and tin through the grey El window and shifted the subject to the probability of a knock-out at the fights.

Speaking of the Cub Scouts—their ranks have grown from 15 to 25 in the past year, so we have just that many more reasons that we did a year ago joyfully to renew their charter at the end of December.

There have been a few other activities, too, in and about the little room at 305 East 43rd. For example, a party for the six and seven year-olds on Monday, for the eight and nine year-olds on Tuesday, for the Teenagers on Wednesday, for the ten, eleven and twelve year-olds on Thursday, and for the Cub Scouts on Friday—all within Christmas week! Two staffers could hardly carry a program like that! It took many warm, hardworking hearts. Tena Roseman, Aurelia James, David James, Colleen Kelly, Vera Conroy and Rosemary Grundei were among the particularly constant first-to-lasters. (If you are one of the many who saw the "Bells of Saint Mary's," you have a faint suspicion of the charm of Tena Roseman's Christmas play.)

Sister Generosa and her students at Immaculata High School, Sister Agnes and her students at Providence High, the students at Lourdes High School and Barat College, are some of the many who, with their innumerable gifts and endless hours, helped to make the Christmas season in Friendship House such a glad one.

Our prayer of thanks for them, and for those all over the States who remembered our Friendship House children, is that they may never cease to know the full joy of LOVING.

(Geni) Mary Galloway.

Negroes as a racial group have the lowest percentage of rape in this country.

—Prof. Hooton, Harvard.

St. Agnes

Come, spouse of Christ, receive the crown which the Lord hath prepared for thee for ever, for Whose love thou didst shed thy blood. Thou hast loved justice and hated iniquity: therefore God, thy God, hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness above thy fellows.

—Tract from the Mass of the Feast, Jan. 21



AROUND THE

By ANN HARRIGAN

Trouble at Housing Project Negroes Moving

ONE NEGRO WAR VETERAN, his braved the mobs who had held no Negro would move into Airport housing project for veterans), was stoned by bricks, stones and various missiles in a week ago.

The CHA had just about gotten the out—these squatters had moved in with the part of the anti-Negro element, being occupied by Negroes, even though on a waiting list needing housing critical.

A minor riot developed when a crowd, composed mostly of older women and later in the day, school boys, was abusively vociferous to all—the Negroes, the police, the priests and ministers who were helping or trying to restore order, passersby they didn't recognize from the immediate neighborhood. Their talk was against Jews, Negroes, the Housing Authority, Mayor Kelly, the priests, the Communists, etc.

After a big mass meeting of the neighborhood, there were rumors heard among the ringleaders of bombing the whole project rather than let a Negro move in—one nicely dressed and refined-looking woman tore up to two priests standing near the housing office and in a white rage demanded to know if they were on the side of the Communists, why they were doing this to them (sic!), why they (and the Negroes) were causing their homes to be set on fire—why they were endangering the lives of her husband and baby?

THE MOST AMAZING THING was that, despite all the violence even against some of the police themselves, not one arrest was made. We have urged as strongly as possible that proper arrests be made of the ringleaders, that the detective force be increased, that the area be roped off several blocks around, that photographic equipment be

Apology to the Negroes

WE, THE UNDERSIGNED WHITE citizens of Chicago, desire to transmit our deepest apologies to the Negro community of Chicago for the actions of many of our fellow whites at the Airport Veterans Housing Project recently. This mob violence against Negroes is violence against democracy and against religion and is an insult to the vast majority of whites and Negroes alike in our great city.

We commend members of the Negro community for the calmness and restraint they have shown in this moment of terror. We are deeply moved by the courage of Mr. John Fort and Mr. Letholian Waddles in establishing a beachhead of democracy in West Lawn for liberty-loving men of all backgrounds.

We further pledge to in-

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THE HOUSE

ANN HARRIGAN

Housing Project Over
Is Moving In

VETERAN, his wife and children, who had held mass meetings to see that into Airport Homes (a government project), was stoned, his furniture damaged and various missiles, when he moved

about gotten the last of the squatters moved in without priority, as a move of the Negro element, to prevent any homes from being moved in, though the Negro vets were housing critically.

the Police Department really do an efficient job in identifying the ringleaders. We are likewise behind the move to get the FBI to investigate the violation of civil rights, to protect those rights, and to enforce the federal statutes to that effect without delay.

Let's face the fact that there is injustice among Catholics. This area is supposed to be about 70 per cent Catholic. What can we say for Catholics who so flagrantly deny the very essence of our faith, like oneness of ALL men for whom Christ died? This is a tragic and terrible thing—a black mark upon the consciences of all those individuals who aided and abetted this unjust and unchristian violence. And we can't get out from under by saying that we don't wish the colored people any harm—only we don't want them to live too near us. WE ARE DOING THE WORST HARM POSSIBLE BY NOT WISHING NEGROES TO LIVE ANYWHERE THEY CAN SECURE DECENT HOUSING—for they have ALWAYS had a housing shortage—and this is one of the basic needs implicit in the tenets of our religion that is necessary for a man to save his soul, to keep the dignity, to raise his family, to remain a good citizen. May God open our eyes—SOON!

Herewith is a statement which we think describes the feelings of all just persons:

Negroes of Chicago

increase our efforts to make Chicago a place in which any law-abiding citizen can live peaceably anywhere, irrespective of race, religion, or national origin. To this end we will work with renewed vigor to outlaw racial restrictive housing covenants, to initiate a program of intercultural education in our schools, and to create a police department in which every citizen can have fullest confidence. Most of all, we will attempt to eradicate all traces of racism from our own hearts and the hearts of our white brothers—for this racial tension through which we have been living has its roots principally in the heart of the white man, not the colored.

Chicago Council against Racial and Religious Discrimination.

Help Hungarian Carmelites

Let nothing disturb you,
Nothing frighten you;
All things will pass away;
God alone remains!

Dear Madame Catherine de Hueck:

With the never-failing help of God, Our Blessed Mother Mary, St. Teresa, the foundress of the Carmelites, and St. Joseph, we dare to approach you, humbly asking the favor of your attention.

Conditions, as they are in Europe now in general, we may assume are known to you and yours. Many times they are such that the words fail to describe them. Some of the people can at least go in search for food. Those in whose favor we make this appeal cannot do so, because they are cloistered Carmelite Nuns.

Some fifty years ago Carmelite Nuns from Europe started a new foundation in the South of Hungary; they chose an old, ancient building for their Convent or Monastery. These good Nuns, as many as survived, today are there praying and pleading with God for a world that needs His help badly—praying also for you!

It is easy to understand that these cloistered Sisters are deprived of a good many things (food and clothing, fuel, medicine, etc.), because of their mode of living. The reports are known to us, and are true; these poor Sisters need everything. During the war, the nuns shared what little food they had with some 500 refugees. Now there is nothing left, the building needs repairs badly, old and sick nuns must have medicine—the under-nourished clamor for something to eat—and so we ask you, will you list to their cry and come to their assistance? Having been with these Sisters in Hungary for some years, I make this appeal to you, having permission to do so. I plead in the name of those Carmelite Nuns in Hungary—for donations, food or clothing material to make habits and necessary clothing garments, which I will ship to the Sisters before I return to Hungary.

"What you have done to the least of Mine, you have done to Me"—these are Our Lord's own words, and they will most certainly apply to you and yours.

Of the Carmelite Nuns and my humble prayers you are assured as long as one of us lives.

The foundation of the salvation of Russia will start in Hungary! Please pray for us!

In the Sacred Heart, the Blessed Mother, St. Teresa and St. Joseph.

Sister M. Immaculate

662 Reads Lane-Caffrey Ave.,
Far Rockaway, New York.

Train Police in Race Problems

THE RECENT TROUBLE at the Airport Homes vets' housing project underlines once again the need for adoption by the Chicago police department of a course in race relations for the instruction of members of the force.

It is just as necessary for policemen to understand what causes racial tension — and what the individual law enforcement officers can do about it—as it is for him to understand the cause of traffic accidents, juvenile delinquency and other problems.

The Chicago Park district has led the way in this area in developing a course in race relations for policemen. As a

result, park district policemen have learned to adopt a most professional attitude toward daily problems that involve the factor of color.

A park district policeman has been taught the immeasurable value of impartiality in the investigation of crime and accidents. He is taught to understand the problems of minorities and to apply commonsense in handling them.

One of the qualifications for new members of a police force should be their attitude on social relations. Those with pronounced prejudices — which can be discovered by tests—ought to be rejected.

—From an Editorial in the Chicago Daily Times.

FINANCIAL REPORT

MARTIN DE PORRES FRIENDSHIP HOUSE

309 East 43rd St., Chicago 15, Ill.

Receipts and Disbursements—Fiscal Year Ended July 31, 1946

RECEIPTS

Cash balance August 1, 1945	\$662.40
Contributions and sundry income	10,489.95
Total to account for	\$11,152.35

DISBURSEMENTS

Maintenance, house supplies, travel of staff workers	\$3,642.80
Rent of premises	3,000.00
Food for workers and others	847.96
Dues, subscriptions, donations	544.22
Printing, stationery and other office supplies	417.58
Postage and miscellaneous petty cash expenditures	702.00
Camp and farm expenses	650.13
Gas and light	192.71
Telephone	86.40
Insurance	88.40
Storage and sundries	43.00
Bank charges	27.69
Total disbursed	10,242.89
Cash balance July 31, 1946	909.46
Total accounted for	\$11,152.35

WE MUFFED THE BALL

We muffed the ball again—last week—when a prominent Catholic university here left home its star player, a Negro, because three southern colleges with whom games were scheduled refused to play a mixed team!

Friendship House in a wire to the president of the university urged that the contracts for these games be canceled—not merely because a non-sectarian college had set a precedent by breaking contracts under similar circumstances—but chiefly, because this was a chance to demonstrate our concrete desire to live the belief we all hold in the doctrine of the Mystical Body of Christ—namely, that we are all brothers, and that an injury to one is an injury to all the members of the Mystical Body whose head is Christ.

Who's Who In
Friendship House

James Quinlin comes to us from Baltimore, a Jesuit-trained young man of many talents. For Jim speaks well, and is developing into quite a lecturer — Catholic Clubs take notice—writes well, can put his hand to any job in FH and bring it to perfect fruition.

But above all Jim possesses the great qualities of a Christian gentleman—he is charitable, thoughtful, kind, truthful. Does that sound like a paragon of all virtue? Well, almost, but don't run away with the idea that he is a stuffed shirt . . . far from it. He has a sense of humor that is contagious, can think up more puns and jokes in an hour than some people can in a life time. Is definitely the life of a party, and being good to look at, is popular all round. His greatest interest in life is God and the service of Him, Friendship House way . . . Yes . . . Jim is quite a guy, and we thank God for Jim, as we thank Him for every and each Staff Worker daily.

We Didn't Muff This One

Refusal of Coach Charles Davies to withdraw Charles Cooper, Negro forward, from the Duquesne University lineup, a stand which led to the cancellation of the basketball game which the local school was to have played against Tennessee University in Pittsburgh, conforms to the University's policy, officials of the school here have stated.

Cooper, non-Catholic Navy veteran, is attending Duquesne University under the provisions of the GI bill of rights. The visiting team demanded that only white players be used in the contest, but Coach Davies stood firm in his contention that, since he is a bona fide student, Cooper had a right to play.

Most Holy Name of Jesus

I will praise Thee, O Lord my God, with my whole heart, and I will glorify Thy name for ever; for Thou, O Lord, art sweet and mild, and plenteous in mercy to all that call upon Thee.

Ps. lxxxv.—Offertory of Mass of the Feast

BLACK
AND WHITE

BY EDDIE DOHERTY

AT AN AUTOGRAPHING PARTY in Chicago's Friendship House not long ago, a famous authoress looked up for a moment from the task of signing her name on the fly-leaf of her new book, glanced at a woman who had just come in, and went to the work of autographing again—this time with pleasure.

"To Miss Ruth Worthington," she inscribed the book, "the youngest and most beloved friend of Friendship House, with the love and admiration of Catherine de Hueck."

Everybody who saw that inscription was delighted, for Miss Worthington is all the things the authoress said she was. And more.

Miss Worthington is 86 now, going on 87. She is as dainty as a Christmas tree ornament, as gentle as the woolly lamb beneath its branches, as trusting as the doll for Mary, and as courageous as the drum in its new red paint and the little squad of soldiers meant for Johnny.

Years and years and years ago she was a seamstress, touring the country with a troupe of theatrical people. Later she made birettas and clerical vestments. Perhaps it was through this occupation that she came into the Church. Her background is as wide as the world. Her understanding is wider than that. And her trust in God approaches the dimensions of heaven.

Recently she was troubled with cataracts. But she really was not troubled at all. The Sacred Heart always took care of her, she told her friends. He would take care of her now. The time came when she had to submit to an operation. She took it with grandeur and simple faith. She refused to take an anaesthetic—for that might make her lose consciousness of the mercy of God. She endured the pain without wincing. And she left the doctor's office with a patch over one eye—looking like the nicest and happiest bandit you ever saw.

On the night of the autographing party, however, the bandage had been removed. And, though she could not see well enough to read what had been written about her, and to her, she could see well enough to distinguish the author; and, despite her cane, she was young enough to run up to her and give her a hug and a kiss.

It was really the high point of the autographing party—if only because it was symbolic of so many things that Friendship House represents, such things as Christian love, interracial amity, belief in miracles, trust in God, and hope for the regeneration of a selfish world. Any man will tell you that a woman's kiss to a woman is a waste of good things, and a piece of camouflage. But this time it was different. This kiss had in it the real spirit of Christmas. And what do you know that is better?

Prescription

(Continued from page 1)

if we are to achieve that end. This is to be, in modern aviation parlance, "on the beam." It is to be in the Divine Order of peace. To be guided by the advantage of the moment only is like trying to fumble one's way out of a forest at night by means of the fitful gleams of the glow-worms. Even, therefore, from a pragmatic point of view (commonly called "practical," but really short-sighted) we cannot afford to surrender principle for profit. We can be happy only by acting as human beings. This means living as rational beings. To be rational means to choose freely and consistently the Will of God as the measure of conduct and as the rule of the decisions molding our manners.

This, of course, does not mean that there cannot be concessions. As a matter of fact, Saint Thomas implies the need of concessions for happiness by saying that man's perfection is achieved by his living in society. Living in society means constant mutual concessions on the part of individuals. But the concessions are the sacrifices of selfish opinions and of avaricious claims, not the surrender of moral principles. The principle of the common good takes precedence over that of individual comfort. By applying this principle in human relations we lose our selfishness to find ourselves. Our integrity, and so our happiness, can be maintained only by keeping our place in the whole social structure rather than in demanding that the structure adapt itself to us.

The efficiency of this principle can be observed around us today. We Americans have won one phase of the war and we are well on the way to win the other phase because of unity of purpose, of objective, of resources, of command, and of spirit. Even when we have not always understood the strategy of our leaders, we have had faith, patience, and courage. A foreign policy like our war policy, an effort for peace such as we have made for war, would bring similar results in world affairs. Peace can be won only through the unity of wills in good. Without such a moral policy, we shall again be endangered by the organized forces of evil. The only way to forestall the

external forces of evil is to take advantage of our conflict with them to surrender, in our relations with God and men, the evil in our wills. This is through fidelity to the principles of human nature. Such fidelity is the condition upon which rests the happiness of men.

WE CATHOLICS have the effective means to fulfill this condition constantly at hand in the Blessed Eucharist. This sacrament and sacrifice constitute the Way to life's goal; Christ is with us on the way. It is the "mystery of faith." Faith has revealed the goal of life to us. Christ is the Way to that goal. Walking and talking with Him, living on and by Him, we cling to Life Itself. The Eucharistic Way is the way of happiness because it is the way of gratitude, which is the way of self-fulfillment. By means of the Eucharistic Sacrifice we rid ourselves of the obstacle of self-fulfillment. Then comes the communication of the fullness of life, in proportion as we have conformed our will to God's. Each member of the Mystical Body thus living in union with the Head, the unity and harmony essential to peace are realized. We have not the utopia sought by those who have no vision or hope beyond the here and now; we have the foretaste here of the Kingdom of God.

With the bitterness human beings have been experiencing today, we certainly need to "taste and see that the Lord is sweet." While there are millions hungry and thirsty in a physical way today, the craving of most people, even of those well-nourished physically (and perhaps of them most of all!) is for the Bread of Life. The cries for peace are yearnings for this Life. Demands for freedom are only man's declaration of his right to self-fulfillment or the fullness of this Life. Order is desired only that the obstacles to Life may be removed. Fundamentally those obstacles are the selfish passions of human beings. In the material order they have, to a degree, been mitigated by the practical recognition of mutual dependence through lend-lease. Why not help to give society a new lease on life, not by lending material things, but by giving the spirit of understanding and sympathy to all people? Turn the world back to God by turning away from yourself.

Could We Take It?

Brethren, the saints through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought justice, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fires, escaped the edge of the sword, recovered strength from weakness, became valiant in battle, put to flight the armies of foreigners: women received their dead raised to life again; but others were racked, not accepting deliverance, that they might find a better resurrection; and others had trial of mockeries and stripes, moreover also of bands

and prisons: they were cut asunder, they were tempted, they were put to death by the sword, they wandered about in sheepskins, and in goatskins, being in want, distressed, afflicted, of whom the world was not worthy; wandering in deserts, in mountains, and in dens, and in caves of the earth. And all these were found approved by the testimony of faith, in Christ Jesus our Lord. —Epistle from the Mass of Sts. Fabian and Sebastian, Martyrs

Desperately Needed

(Continued from page 1)

discarded to bring out the truth.

Center of Reality

The book proceeds by examining the context of reality in which we live, and concludes by looking at our being and life in the context of reality. The emphasis throughout is on that note of reality; something that could have been anticipated from the first few lines of the book and their professed emphasis on the Catholic intellect. The context of reality is found to be made up of God and God's action on the human race; this latter is easily summarized in the three persons of God, Adam and Christ, and in the four events of creation, the fall, redemption and judgment. The examination of our being and life in the context of reality is a study of man that lacks nothing of the originality of the first part of the book.

It is Mr. Sheed's unassailable argument that a Catholic should be living in a Catholic world for the very simple reason that such a world is the real world. That, in actual fact, the Catholic mind moves in one world (the world of his contemporaries) while the Church lives in another, is not a situation to be put up with, but a tragedy to be undone. For the Catholic mind "must master the Church's landscape, habituate itself to it, move about easily in it, be at home in it"; otherwise, it dodges reality and moves in a world of monstrous fiction.

What Can We Do?

We can ask radio stations and newspapers to give Negroes a break

Write a few letters. Write to several radio stations urging that Negroes be invited to participate frequently in the forums which many radio stations promote. Few white people have ever heard an educated Negro speak a word. Yet there are 55,000 Negro college graduates.



The Baroness Jots It Down

JANUARY—THE FIRST MONTH of a new year, time to look back and balance the budget of events. 1946 has been a grand and turbulent year for us of Friendship House. St. Joseph's Farm got organized under the able direction of Monica Durkin of Cleveland, who adjusted herself to rural life, a broken ankle and the mound of work that had to be done, with a grace that edified us all.

The Summer School of Catholic Interracial Techniques was started this summer on a shoe string and proved to be one of Friendship House's best ventures that promises to grow rapidly and, we fervently hope, really influence many to embrace the works of Interracial Justice in the USA.

The Information Centre or training school for new applicants to our way of life was held in Combermere, Ont., Canada, with six Staff Workers to be. Yes, there was great growth in and of Friendship House in the year just past. Just as there was much pain and worry, for both we thank the Lord joyously, for threats of eviction, assaults on the persons of the Staff, lack of laborers in Friendship House little portions of God's vineyard, lack of funds, all go together and spell the Cross, and under its shadow we rejoice because we know that as long as it is there, we are on the right road. We look forward to 1947 eagerly, for of one thing we are certain, like all the past years, it will be dedi-

cated to the service of the Lord, and that is enough for us.

My book **FRIENDSHIP HOUSE** published by Sheed and Ward (price \$2.00) is finally out, after being delayed by strikes of this and that and what have you. It is no use denying that the sight of one's **FIRST BOOK** is a thrill that comes I am sure only once in a lifetime. But to my thrill is added a fervent prayer, that this book of mine, may help others to see the great, the immense need of concentrating on Interracial Justice in America.

It is with sorrow that I noticed that several names have been omitted from the roll call of Friendship House Staff Workers. I have rectified the omission, and in the next printing their names will appear, but in the meantime my apologies go out to Rev. Paul Butler, Alice Van Drasek, Eva Rehberger, Steve Young, Walter Kontak, Miss Trepanier, Walter Conley, Gladys Willett, Kathleen Yanes Wayne and Mr. Mitchell.

If anyone has a sewing machine they do not need please send one to me, 8 West Walton Pl., Chicago, 10, Ill. There is someone who needs it badly. Thank you.

I apologize to all my many friends, for not sending any Christmas Cards out this year, but an unexpected flare-up of an old injury on my knee laid me low during the Holy Season, and I take this opportunity to thank the many good friends who so graciously remembered me and Eddie at Christmas.

NEGRO SANCTITY

(Continued from page 3)

a good religion. I shall listen to him with my whole attention."

Ghebre-Michael followed very closely the direction and guidance of Father de Jacobis. After a year of hesitancy and doubt, Ghebre-Michael, in 1844, renounced his false beliefs and embraced the Catholic Faith in its entirety. This he did in spite of imprisonment and severe persecution from his former religious superiors.

The new convert now worked together with Father de Jacobis. They succeeded in winning many converts and before long established a seminary for the training of native priests. In 1851, seven years after his conversion, Ghebre-Michael was ordained a priest. His priesthood on

this earth, however, was destined to be short-lived.

At this time the hostile civil and religious authorities were becoming alarmed at the sudden spread of Catholicism throughout the land. At the instigation of the schismatic bishops, the Emperor of Ethiopia, Theodore, proposed a new formula of faith for all his subjects. To those who refused submission he threatened grave punishments. Ghebre-Michael refused to accept this creed. He was punished time and time again by scourgings and torture. Throughout the prolonged suffering he remained steadfast to his faith. He died after a cruel imprisonment of fourteen months. He won the martyr's crown in 1855.

—Rev. Joseph McGroarty
in "The Catholic World"

Letter from St. Paul

BRETHREN, having different gifts, according to the grace that is given us; either prophecy, to be used according to the rule of faith; or ministry, in ministering; or he that teacheth in doctrine; he that exhorteth in exhorting; he that giveth, with simplicity; he that ruleth with carefulness; he that showeth mercy with cheerfulness. Let love be without dissimulation. Hating that which is evil, cleaving to that which is good. Loving one another with the charity of brotherhood, in honor pre-

venting one another. In carefulness, not slothful; in spirit fervent: serving the Lord: rejoicing in hope: patient in tribulation: instant in prayer: communicating to the necessities of the saints: pursuing hospitality. Bless them that persecute you: bless, and curse not. Rejoice with them that rejoice, weep with them that weep. Being of one mind one towards another; not minding high things, but consenting to the humble. —Epistle of Second Sunday after Epiphany

What Price Racism?

(Continued from page 1)

unity of the human race and the dignity of the human person.

RACISM EXISTS ON A GLOBAL scale and can be combated only by an awakening sense of global solidarity. It springs from the same root as atheistic communism, namely exaggerated materialism, an evil so characteristic of our times. Together they constitute the greatest threats to international peace and security in the world today.

But let us focus our attention on our own beloved America. Nations, like individuals, have their faults as well as their virtues. And so we find that racism and democracy have always been characteristic notes of American life. Strange bedfellows indeed! Ever since the year 1619 A.D., when Captain Rolfe of the Virginia colony wrote into his diary, "THERE ARRIVED A DUTCH MAN OF WAR THAT SOLD US TWENTY NEGARS," up to the present time this land has witnessed the struggle of these two ideologies for the mastery over American life. Right now they are locked in mortal combat. The Negro has his hopes planted in democracy but a democracy enlivened by Christian principles. And democracy as such has not let him down. Many of the gains he has made since his emancipation represent real triumphs of the democratic ideal over racism. Progress there is indeed, but the road to victory is hard. Racism is still strong in our land.

A mere casual glance at the American social scene will convince any unbiased observer that of all minority groups, it is the Negro who suffers most from the prejudice of the dominant group. After enduring nearly three centuries of chattel slavery during which he was regarded as not being a person but a commodity to be bought and sold, the Negro today finds himself only partly emancipated.

IN THE FIELD OF HOUSING in the larger cities of America, such as New York and Chicago, as well as smaller communities, the Negro masses are forced to live in overcrowded, often dilapidated dwellings; paying exorbitant rents because they cannot live elsewhere than in the black belts. Is there any wonder Negro juvenile delinquency is so high when often both parents have to work to earn enough to pay the exorbitant rents while the children roam the streets?

Economically the Negro is in the lowest income brackets. As for job opportunities he is often the last hired and the first fired. He finds many trades and professions closed to him altogether and in those which are open to him he has a battle through many jim-crow restrictions.

In schools, theatres, hospitals and even churches he finds the doors closed to him in many cases. All this he has to endure and much more because the dominant group says to him, "You are inferior to us; you have your place;

Book Reviews—Racial Myths

(Continued from page 2)

racial body odor of the negro is another myth that is more or less general. "The inconsistency in this idea is that if a colored man smells (intransitively) the reason given is because he is a Negro. Often it is possible to detect very obnoxious body odors from various types of whites." One remedy is prescribed for both: water, soap, change of clothing. There is perhaps just reason for some Negroes to smell, as there is for all poor people who "must sweat at hard manual labor and live in slum districts with poor sanitation and no real bathing facilities which might remedy the situation."

One criticism we have heard against the Negro: that of immorality and vice. We wonder how any white person dares voice this charge considering the subtle and "black paganism" that has been seeping from Hollywood to poison the minds of all the American people, including the Negro. Neither does history leave the white man a very clean page in his treatment of Negro women slaves. "Indeed," as the author puts it, "not the least of the sorrows of the Negro in America is his relative helplessness in the protection of Negro womanhood from the vice of white citizens; and until every white man learns to respect and revere all womanhood he will necessarily be regarded with suspicion, and by the Negro particularly." ...

Another important myth that Sister exposes is the myth of segregation and inter-racial marriage. As she says, when one speaks of abolishing segregation the immediate reaction is: "Would you be willing to marry a Negro?" That's not the point, at all! "The abolition of race segregation means essentially that the Negro, as

but your place is at the back door."

Now science tells us and Christian faith and reason confirm her dictum that there are no superior races; there are only superior individuals and they are found in every race.

Yet disadvantaged as the Negro is on the material plane by his jim-crow existence, it is to white people who are prejudiced themselves that the greatest damage is done on the spiritual plane. For prejudice warps and wrenches the soul, darkens one's spiritual outlook, fosters pride, selfishness and all the evils which spring from an exaggeration of one's self-importance. Persons conformed to the mind of Christ never have any prejudices—as witness the saints.

Let all people, especially those of the Catholic faith who desire to do something about this great evil, exhibit in their daily lives their faith in the teaching that all men are united to each other and to Christ, their Head, as members, actual or potential, of His Mystical Body. Thus will they fulfill the words of the Sermon on the Mount. "Let your light shine before men, that they may see your good works and glorify their Father who is in heaven."

every other American citizen, should freely enjoy the rights and privileges which are justly his by virtue of his citizenship. Race segregation, on the other hand, excludes equality and tolerates distinctions, discriminations, exceptions, and often gross injustices toward segregated groups—a group which is always a minority and proportionately helpless."

Perhaps the most important myth that the author treats of in her little pamphlet and which as she says: "may yet be the complete un-doing of our so-called democracy," is the myth of mental inferiority of the Negro. "The concept of Negro inferiority is probably the myth which might be the cause of the greatest social upheaval which American civilization has yet known." And yet this concept is proven to be without objective basis. We think that this part of the pamphlet might have been strengthened perhaps by some statistics from some famous expert in the field, as for example, from Klynberg, a Columbia University man, and one of the best analysts on the subject. Klynberg seriously challenges any conclusion that the Negro is born inferior to the white.

Some years ago he also made some important studies with Negro and white children, the results of which more than proves his point. We have all seen the number of outstanding Negroes in every field. The author of the pamphlet mentions George Washington Carver, the great scientist. There are very many more: Marian Anderson, singer; Richmond Barthe, sculptor; Dr. Williams, famous heart surgeon; Paul Lawrence Dunbar, poet; and many more. Not the least are those great Negroes who have received the highest honor that the Catholic Church can bestow on any creature: that of sanctity. St. Moses, St. Benedict the Moor, Blessed Martin de Porres. There's no getting away from the growing number of intellectual Negroes that are sometimes more than equal to the white. As Franz Boaz says: "If we were to select the most intelligent, imaginative, energetic and emotionally stable third of mankind all races would be represented."

Although the author does not mention this, it might be well for us at this point to indicate what might lead some to consider certain races as mentally, physically, socially and historically inferior. We speak of the fallacy of stereotype. The Negro is portrayed on all sides, in the movies, in comic strips, in books, on the radio... as a type: that is, a

MISCHIEF FOR IDLE HANDS

EVERYONE KNOWS that if you come to Friendship House you'll be put to work. But now we have a scheme whereby we can put to work even those who don't come to Friendship House. That brilliant, though fallen, personality who finds work for idle hands had a good idea, so we'll steal it from him.

Do you love to knit, sew or crochet? Then how about buying some yarn or material and making an outfit for one of the many babies in, or on the way to, Harlem? When you drop into the baby department of a store and see how much the mother would have to pay for it there you'll see how much your work is worth, even in a material way. If you say a few prayers while you're working that the child who'll look so darling in your creation will never be hurt by prejudice, the value will be infinitely increased. If you like to work at a gabfest, how about introducing a few Catholic ideas on interracial justice? Even if you don't change many minds you might persuade someone to make some clothes for a baby. Everybody loves

a colored baby, even those who break his father's heart by refusing him a job and may refuse the baby one when he grows up. If you pick up your knitting while you're listening to the news you'll be surprised how soon you can finish a little sweater. The news would be more pleasant to listen to if everyone were working for love of someone else.

Do you hate to knit, sew or crochet? Now that's a wonderful opportunity for mortification. Make something anyway and offer up your annoyance, picked fingers, boredom, or conviction of your stupidity when you have to rip out a mistake for the speedy downfall of the heresy of racism.

Are you physically or mentally unable to knit, sew or crochet? (I mean men, too!) Then you're the person who can buy the material either directly or indirectly. Send it to Friendship House and we'll give it to the mothers who want to make garments.

Now slip quietly into your category, all of you, and get to work! And think how glad you'll be some day to hear His, "You clothed Me!"

servant, a slave, a laughable fool, a comic character, an ignorant workman, an African beast, etc. Not only the negro suffers from this but the Jew. Anti-Semitic rabble agitators intensify anti-Jewish feelings by the same tactics. They reduce the whole Jewish race to a few simple types. Certainly some Jews are dishonest but so are some Catholics. The fallacy is to dub the Jew dishonest simply because he is a Jew. God forbid that we should dub a Catholic dishonest simply because he was a Catholic! To the charge that Jews are Communistic, the answer is: well, yes. That is, 2% of them are. Would you label the whole other 98% for these few? This is what happens when you use stereotype. The hatred for Jews is not innate in all races. How frequently we hear: "I can't help hating the Jews. Everybody hates them." That's a lie! Does not history of the Jew in India and China prove this? And even if everyone did hate the Jews, that does not justify the Christian hatred. As Monsignor Sheen so well puts it: "Shall the Christian forget that if he were a real Christian he too would be hated by the world. I have chosen you out of this world, therefore the world hates you." One hears the Jews called Christ-killers, destroyers of Christianity. The truth is that the majority of Jews have no real guilt in the death of Jesus. It should be taught this way in schools and preached from the pulpits. Christ was condemned by their corrupt leaders. The Jews as a people loved Christ. This is proven that the leaders were afraid to take Jesus for fear of a revolt among the people. And even if the Jews were our enemies still, still do not the uncompromising words of Christ reach down the ages: "Love your enemies. Do good to them that hate you." As to saying that the Jews are the cause of the breaking up of Christianity again let us quote

from Monsignor Sheen, "Those who had most influence in robbing minds of belief in the divinity of Christ, by ridicule, by slander, or by denying His existence were not Jews: Voltaire, Rousseau, Hume, Kant, Hegel, Schopenhauer, Feuerbach, Friedrich Strauss, Nietzsche, Buechner, Haechel, Drews and the thousand lesser lights of today. Anti-Semitism, on account of stereotype or for any reason, whatsoever, can have no part in any Catholic. To be anti-Semitic is to be anti-Catholic. Pope Pius XI stated the official mind of the Church when he declared: "...It is a movement in which we Christians can have no part whatsoever. Spiritually we are Semitic."

Christ came forever to shatter discrimination and prejudice against any group. In the parable of the Good Samaritan he showed who is our neighbor; he stooped one day to beg for a little water from a Samaritan, a group despised, shunned and considered half-breed by the Jews. The Negroes and Jews today are the despised Samaritans of yesterday. It is from them, too, that today He still begs for a little water, for Love. How can we, by false myths and prejudices deny justice and charity to those groups from whom God Himself does not hesitate to beg for Love!!!

Jesus Christ is in agony over the world today. He will always be in agony till His beautiful and all-embracing prayer comes true: "May they be one, Father, as Thou in me and I in Thee, may they be one in Us."

Frances Maria Yayas



Farm Bulletin

By MONICA DURKIN

WELL, WE DID GET to the final two days of the Victory Convention of the National Catholic Rural Life Conference in Green Bay and found there a great deal of inspiration and enlightenment. The Conference, for the benefit of those who came in after the curtain had gone up, is composed of a nation-wide group of bishops, priests, sisters and lay people who are banded together to promote the following aims:

1. To care for the underprivileged Catholics living on the land.
2. To keep on the land Catholics who are now on the land.
3. To settle more Catholics on the land.
4. To convert the Non-Catholics on the land.

Smiling, ubiquitous Msgr. L. G. Ligutti is the executive secretary of the organization with headquarters at 3801 Grand Avenue, Des Moines 12, Iowa. When we arrived the convention was in full swing and well-attended meetings on rural retreats, rural recreation, rural schools, family type farming, rural culture, co-ops and dairy and live stock production were being hashed over and rediscussed in hotels, restaurants and meeting rooms. Women's Day featured a well-planned series of short talks given by women interested in various aspects of rural living—the crowd which filled the Orpheum theater spent several richly rewarding hours. The Grail had several representatives on the program, alert, charming young ladies who stole the

show with their sincerity, their singleness of purpose and the clarity with which they expressed their philosophy. They reminded us that the Holy Father has called upon all Christians to unite and form a Christian world—that the unhappiness and restlessness of so many of us is due to the fact that we do not have an integrated purpose in life—that the real end of our existence is the praise of God and that we should unite our prayer, our work and our play to that all-embracing intention. They feel that some experience on the land is valuable to a full understanding of the cycle and meaning of life and they drew a forceful and beautiful parallel between the Church year and the year of Mother Nature. They stressed, too, the need to develop and preserve a true culture and suggested various approaches to the cultivation of hobbies such as weaving and dress designing, the making of Christian household furnishings and decorations, story telling, folk dancing and singing. Sr. Mary Madeleva of St. Mary's College, Notre Dame, Indiana, deplored, in her address, the fact that not a single Catholic college in the United States offers a course in agriculture, and expressed the hope that she could one day introduce one at her school. Mrs. Rose McDonald presented a glowing picture of the farm housewife and the meeting ended with an encouraging message from Green Bay's vigorous Bishop Stanislaus Bona.

Credit to "America"

Credit should go to "America" for Brother Bonee's fine article, "Mystique of a Mistake," which we reprinted last month.

The afternoon was given over to discussion panels and we chose "Keeping Our Daughters on the Farm." One of the highlights of the afternoon was the stirring plea of Doctor Lydwine Van Kersbergen based on the recent address of Pope Pius XII to women all over the world to exercise their God-given faculties of spiritual and physical motherhood and to participate in social, political and cultural life. On the program also were several homemakers whose papers were fraught with experience gleaned from years of service to their families and communities and who described rural life with varying degrees of exaltation—including one energetic enthusiastic little bride, clad in a peasant costume—a coronet of golden braids about her lively young head who even spoke in lilting terms of cleaning the pig pen. We returned to the Farm, tired, full of ideas and laden with pamphlets, folders and brochures which we hope to read this winter on those long, cold evenings when we huddle around our favorite kitchen stove after our work is done.

OUR BEGGING LETTER is out and returns are trickling in, slowly and steadily. Some of the letters which accompany the donations have made us very humble—and very grateful. A business woman in Racine sends us twenty dollars with the note, "The enclosure is no sacrifice. It's my October savings. Savings are so uninteresting. Giving the money to you people is a joyful thing. Thanks for the joy." An elderly woman from an old folks' home in LaCrosse pencils with a trembling hand, "Enclosed you'll find a dollar bill for your work. Excuse me I can't write no better in my old age." A Dodgeville school-boy says, "I am sending this dollar and I hope it will help. I earned it on my paper route." A New York housewife sends a few coins with the heart-warming lines, "Please accept this very small donation. Things like budgets can only stretch so far and this is all we had left from our monthly check. But our prayers for you are more abundant." A nearby priest mails a check adding, "I haven't very much myself but the little I do have I will share with you." To these and to all of you who have helped and will help us we pledge our prayers, our gratitude and our untiring efforts to expend wisely and carefully the money you send us at such great personal sacrifice. (Tho this was sent in time the editor lost it. Mea culpa!—Ed.)

Our first snow made us glad



Gloria Wimpy.

VOLUNTEERS' SONG

(Tune of "Would You Like to Swing on a Star?")

1.

WOULD you like to swing on a star,
Get all the grace you can and go far,
Be a better Christian than you are,
Or would you like to be a prig?
A prig is a person who loves only himself,
He keeps all his virtues on the shelf,
He never helps his brother
And ignores his every need.
He's filled with egotism and terrific greed
So if your love for Christ isn't big
You may turn out to be a prig.

2.

OR would you like to swing on a star,
Get all the grace you can and so far,
Be a better Christian than you are,
Or would you rather be a drip?
A drip is a person who is never on the job,
At Friendship House he'd be an awful flop.
He takes no part in the lay apostolate
And you all know that this is out of date
So if you let opportunity slip
You may turn out to be a drip.

3.

OR would you like to swing on a star,
Get all the grace you can and go far,
Be a better Christian than you are,
Then come and be a volunteer!
Then you'll find a thousands things that you ought to do
Your life as a Christian will ring true
And everyone will tell you you're decidedly queer
But you won't mind cuz you're a volunteer.
So if the world thinks you're living in a dream
You'll know you're really on the beam.

4.

NOW the staff who are here all the time
They'd be hard to describe in a rhyme
But come at Compline or come at Prime
With Blessed Martin and his mouse
You can be part of Friendship House.

Composed by cooperative effort on the part of
Audrey Perry, Erica Clemens Strosser, Flewie,
and others.

we had gone early to the woods and gathered our Christmas greens, great armloads of white pine, juniper and cedar. Marie has them in pails of water and we plan to send some to New York and Chicago for the children's parties. Preparations for Christmas recall the words of Francis Jammes, "Noel is too often cloyed with insipid stories. Christmas is not a mere story... Christmas is my reason for living, my only consolation, my only hope, my only reality, my only faith, when I, with Pascal cast a frightened look upon the incomprehensible universe and can find no explanation in myself for this true crib which is in my heart and in it my Infant God poorer than we. I know He is there because He says so in the Gospel... Noel, Noel! in the eddies of the snow drifts. Noel in the souls of babes on their mother's breasts. Noel in the heart of those who today exchange engagement rings and think that no one could ever say as they can: I love you! Noel for the careworn fathers. Noel for

worrying mothers. Noel for the prodigals far from God and home. Noel for the old white haired man whom life has disillusioned. Noel for the living and the dead."

Our most heartfelt Christmas greetings to all of our readers—as one Sister wrote so exquisitely:

"Let us rejoice today,
who have seen
from darkness
Vibrant and shrill with pain
Light bloom, and the dawn
come, sweet and white
and silent,
And God made Man again.

Epiphany of Our Lord to the Gentiles

O God, who by the guidance of a star didst this day reveal Thine only-begotten Son to the Gentiles, mercifully grant that we, who know Thee now by faith, may be so guided as to behold with our eyes the beauty of Thy majesty.
—Prayer from the Mass of the Feast, Jan. 6

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